

ST. LOUIS AWAITS THE BIG FLOOD.

River Men Making Extensive
Preparations for the
Event.

DATS UP ON THE LEVEE.

art of Greenville, Mississippi,
Is Covered by
Water.

EW ORLEANS IS WATCHING.

Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau
Issues a Report Warning People
Along the Rivers of Their
Danger.

St. Louis, April 3.—St. Louis is threatened with a record-breaking flood, and the river may be destructive. Old river men declare the water will be over the levee tonight, and they are making extensive and expensive preparations for that event. As it is, the big wharves are already floating on the levee.

The situation at East St. Louis is more threatening. The water has already made its way about twenty feet in on the banks, and the predicted rise will move it up to the railroad tracks, from which point it will easily find its way over the island, as the country slopes downward from that point. The bottom lands on both sides of the river north and south of St. Louis are already under water, and the overflow is being slowly backed up into the country.

NEGRO NOMINATED FOR SCHOOL BOARD.

F. Clarkson Cuff Defeats Dr.
Bayles, of Orange, for
Renomination.

TELLS OF HIS VICTORY.

He Has Been a Coachman for
Years and Thinks He Can Fill
the Position if Elected.

BELIEVES HE WILL SUCCEED.

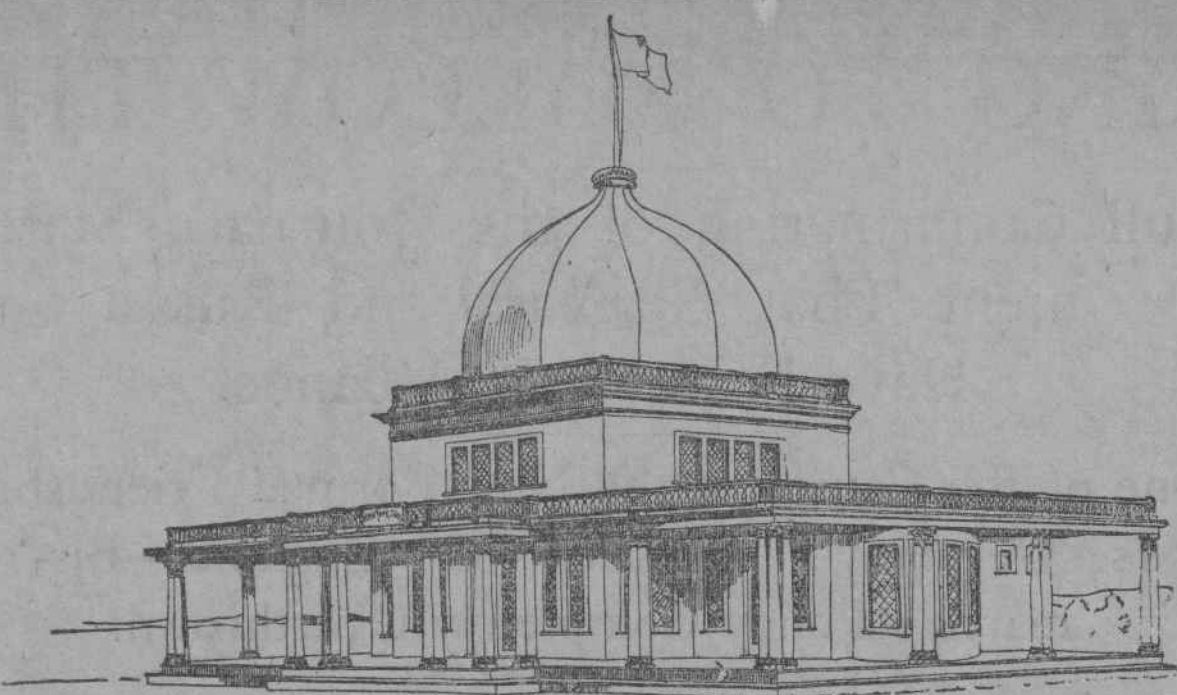
Dr. Bayles, the Man Whom He Defeated at the Primaries, Is the Present
President of the Board of Education of Orange.

The defeat of Dr. George Bayles, president of the Board of Education of Orange, N. J., for renomination night before last in the Republican primaries, and the nomination of F. Clarkson Cuff, a negro resident of that city, in his stead, was a surprise to the people of the village generally.

Cuff for the last thirteen years has been a coachman in the employ of Mr. Edward V. Z. Lane, who has a country home at No. 115 Harrison street, and a private office at No. 145 Liberty street, New York, where he deals in fertilizers.

The circumstances surrounding the nomination of Cuff are best explained by Mr. Cuff himself. He suspended work yesterday in the stable of his employer and talked of his hopes for the future.

"You see," said he, stepping up and taking a seat on the rug rest of the carriage he had just harnessed to a high stepper,



NEW YORK'S BUILDING FOR THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

THE New York State Building for the Tennessee Centennial was designed by Dunham Wheeler. The building, with its wide portico, is Italian in style, although, to lessen expense, classic detail has been omitted. The outside walls of the building will be of cream colored stucco, with cornices, railings and columns of wood. The dome will be covered with canvas painted a pale red color. The interior consists of three fine rooms. The centre one, very large, with an office containing a register for New York visitors and a postal station, so that New Yorkers can have their mail sent there. Over the office is a spacious gallery where the musicians will sit on such occasions as New York Day, when Governor Black is expected to visit the Exposition, and probably hold a reception in the building to thousands of guests. The room will have rugs, window seats, tables and easy chairs, and with the long windows and doors, will be a pleasant resting place on hot days. The walls will be covered above the wainscoting with a red and white striped material way up to the dome, which will show from the floor. There will be electric lamps up in the dome and generously through the building and along the porches, from a special lighting plant. On the right of the main room will be the Ladies' Room, a charming room, with the walls hung in green rep, and with a great bay of five windows. The features of this room will be three beautiful glass windows and rugs, and with the well-carved for dressing rooms attached, will be an oasis for tired feminine sightseers. On the other side of the main room will be the Men's Room, plainly furnished with yellow rep and wooden furniture. These rooms are separated from the main room by wide openings hung with light portieres. The wide veranda running around three sides of the building, with plenty of veranda chairs, will be pleasant when the sun shines strongly. In addition to this building, which the State is putting up, the city of New York has accepted a room in the Woman's Building, and arrangements are being made to have it handsomely fitted out with a carefully selected exhibition of woman's handiwork from the technical schools. Some New York women, prominent in these matters, are arranging a committee to take charge of the matter.

RUSSELL SAGE HAS SPRING FEVER.

Moves from His Old Stand
to a Modern Office
Building.

TOOK HIM THREE HOURS.

Four Fat Safes, One the Pride
of His Eyes, Among His
Goods.

Russell Sage moved yesterday. For years Mr. Sage has held forth in the little coo-like apartments at No. 71 Broadway. The coming of the Spring and the shaking of door mats from the front windows of the first houses as he came downtown on the elevated road is said to have given Mr. Sage the Spring moving fever. The 1st of May is the usual day for moves, but it is claimed that Mr. Sage's desire to play checkers with himself was so great that he could not resist the temptation to move earlier.

He selected Saturday because it was a half holiday, and no time would be lost if he moved after noon. Mr. Sage's new offices will be an improvement over the old one, the scene of the bomb throwing. They are in the Bank of Commerce Building at No. 31 Nassau street.

It took Uncle Russell three hours a which to transfer his goods and chattels, including mortgages on a great amount of real estate, his brother's household furniture and a good portion of the Manhattan Elevated Railway stock. Four safes were among his possessions. They were large ones, and were lowered from the window in the usual manner.

The safe to come down to the pavement was an immense one of modern manufacture, new, gaily painted and burglar proof. Mr. Sage came down with it not down by the block and fall tackle, but accidentally down the time-worn stairs. He wore a blue polka-dot necktie and a brand new maple-brown Spring derby. His face was flushed, and he had dust on his coat collar.

clearly he was taking an active hand in the moving.

"Put that new burglar-proof safe in my private office," he said to the perspiring truckman. "These others," and he indicated with a loving sweep of his hand three old-fashioned, key-working strong boxes, "may go anywhere in the outside offices."

Then he went back upstairs to superintend the packing and removal of some venerable desks and cases that would have fallen to pieces under a less careful and considerate touch than his own.

Visitors at the Office.

All sorts of people visited Mr. Sage's old offices during the day. The majority of them were curious, and wanted to see where the Nervous Black bag of dynamite had burst years before.

Mr. Sage prepared to move yesterday morning, but he did not move anything until the ticker had recorded the last quotation and the settlement clerk had come back with the final cards from the Clearing House.

He started to move in earnest at 1 o'clock. He first looked up all the four fat safes, and then he went to lunch while the men were getting them down to the pavement. This finished, he went to lunch. When he returned three of the safes were down, the fourth, the pride of his eye, dangled before the gaze of the public and the passer-by on the street pointed to it and said, "There's Russell Sage's safe." In the he took a decided personal interest. When four truck loads, including old chairs, cubboards, ancient lodgers and other paraphernalia, had been loaded, the millionaire returned to his private office.

Chatted with Callers.

He packed up the papers in his desk while he chatted with the several callers who came to see him on business. In the outer office his two trusted lieutenants, Mr. C. W. Osborne and Mr. F. C. Menzies, superintended the removal of stacks of books and papers and cords of partitions and furniture, chatting reminiscently of the details of that awful day, December 1891, when Nervous, the crank, blew up the establishment.

"We have a beautiful suite of five rooms overlooking City street, in the Bank of Commerce building," said Mr. Menzies. "It recalls every detail of that bomb-throwing experience, the leaving of these rooms," said Mr. Osborne. "I wonder of Mr. Sage has thought of it."

"Be sure and put that new burglar-proof safe in my private office," came in anything but a reminiscent tone from the nearly bare back room. "And tell those men to be careful moving that ticker, clock and money," Mr. Sage came from the inner room, with a package of papers and departed to survey his new quarters.

Leaves a Son Aged Eighty.

Cornell, April 3.—Charles Butcher died at Bellows, Yates County, last night, aged 102 years. He leaves two sons, aged eighty and seventy respectively. Mr. Butcher came from England sixty years ago.



Uncle Russell Sage Moving.

He took advantage of the half-holiday yesterday and transferred his big safes and dilapidated furniture to new quarters.

SHE CALLS THE CHARTER WICKED.

Mrs. Morehouse Denounces
Its Sins of Omission
to the Mayor.

IT ALLOWS THE BICYCLE!

Demoralizing Wheel Should Be
Banished from the
Greater City.

Friends of the charter, by reverential speech, did much yesterday to make amends to Mayor Strong for the criticism which its opponents have been heaping upon it at the public hearings. Several of them indulged in eulogium which brought the upper lids down over the Mayor's eyes and caused eye blishes to mantle above and behind his iron gray beard.

There was a woman speaker, too. She opened a new vista of thought to the Mayor, leading him into economic, sociological and poetic fields outside the beaten path of his official duties.

It was friends' day for the charter, and the incisive remarks of Mrs. Morehouse stood out in strong contrast to the polite rhetoric of William H. Morrell, a patriarch of consolidation; J. W. Moulton, of the Staten Island Board of Trade, and Albert E. Henschel, who was the secretary of the original Greater New York Commission. These were the affirmative speakers; Counsellor Thomas J. Nolan spoke in the negative.

Regard It as Perfunctory.

It was a matter of common remark at the hearing that many of the eminent friends of the charter were absent. There will be no very lengthy affirmative discussion. The Charter Commissioners don't want it. The men who approve the charter understand this, and will generally abscond themselves by common understanding.

The woman speaker at yesterday's session was Mrs. C. L. Morehouse. She opposed the charter on account of its omissions.

"By way of preface," said she, "I will call Your Honor's attention to the fact that I have written a letter, which Your Honor should have received this morning." The Mayor bowed—in which I stated my belief that this charter should not become a law while it maintains the privileges under which the gas companies of this city are now conducted.

There was a round of applause at this, and the speaker added:

"Instead of assenting to a pitiful reduction of five cents a thousand each year in the price of gas, the city of Greater New York should own its own gas plant and supply New York City for sixty or seventy cents a thousand."

In this proposition Mrs. Morehouse appeared to have the full sympathy of her hearers, for there was more applause, in which the dignitaries seated in the Alder-

"LOST ALL TASTE FOR DRINK."

He Didn't Know His Wife Had Been Giving Him a Liquor Cure.

A reporter was chatting with Mr. Galpin, the druggist, corner Sixth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, recently when a stylishly dressed woman entered, laid down a dollar bill, said "Anti-Jag," took a small box which he handed her, put it in the cuff of her jacket and walked out.

"What's 'Anti-Jag'?" he replied to my query. "Why, it's the best thing in the world to make a man quit drinking. It comes in the form of little pills, which can be dropped into a cup of coffee or glass of liquor without being noticed, and they act on the stomach in such a way that liquor becomes distasteful. Last week I invited a friend whose wife bought a box of 'Anti-Jag' a month ago to have a drink with me, and to my surprise (I had never known him to refuse a drink before), he said: 'No; somehow I've lost all taste for drink. I haven't taken a drink in a month and feel like a new man.'"

Upon coming downtown the reporter stopped at Hadnut's Pharmacy, 205 Broadway, and asked the clerk there if he sold "Anti-Jag."

"Why, yes, and nearly all the buyers are ladies, but I suppose that's because they can give it to their husbands and brothers without their knowing it. The Renova Chemical Co., proprietors of this remedy, at 69 Broadway, New York City, do a very large mail order business, as they mail 'Anti-Jag' to any address in plain wrappers, with full directions how to give secretly, on receipt of one dollar."

manic chairs joined with the occupants of the benches in the city of New York.

"But I shall call Your Honor's attention to evils far more serious than this," continued Mrs. Morehouse. "Well, which, if Your Honor and the distinguished gentlemen who control the destinies of this measure do not repair, will bring this city to the fate of Sodoma and Gomorrah."

The Curse of the Wheel.

"I would have the bicycle prohibited from the streets of the city at all times. I would enhance the order of the city thoroughfares by suppressing organ grinders, the peddlers of ash, the vendors of fruits rejected in the markets, who disturb our privacy at all hours of the day by ringing doorbells and whose cries let pandemonium into our retirement."

"I would close the concert halls, where young girls are dealing out death in the guise of drink, while men and women are combining the worst of evil association under the guise of entertainment."

In concluding Mrs. Morehouse startled her hearers by condemning labor organizations as productive of idleness and vice, and denouncing strikes. She summed up her opinion on this subject by declaring: "Labor organizations are a nuisance."

Albert E. Henschel defended the charter as a document which had left nothing in the scheme of municipal government for application, surmise or construction of law, and paid an incidental tribute to Andrew H. Green, the father of consolidation.

"Consolidation," said he, "means health, happiness, sunlight, better men, women and children. It will give the touch of nature to our cities, and provide city comforts for suburban homes."

"We shall enjoy under consolidation a harmonious system of development. It will give us bridges, tunnels, canals and other means of approach and connection, rendering accessible all parts of Greater New York by an adequate system of rapid transit."

A Word for the Poor.

"It is a shame that the worst circumstances have compelled the working people of this community by condemning labor organizations for the workmen in the suburbs of Greater New York."

Former Mayor Hewitt's views were scored by Mr. Henschel, who said that he could not understand why the small question of labor organizations should be urged to defeat a humanitarian proposition.

Counsellor Nolan quoted William M. Tweed, as follows:

"If you want anything in New York, you've got to go to a hayseed Legislature to get it."

"We've gone to the hayseed Legislature," said Mr. Nolan, "and what have we got? We've got Raines."

The counsel drew a long breath and repeated: "We've got Raines."

"I'll call your attention to one feature of this nefarious measure," said he. "We are to have some 'Coroners' and the charter. Their compensation is to be fixed by the Municipal Assembly. Think of it! What a chance for bribery and corruption, dear!"

"Who says consolidation is not an abominable project—the charter abolition of literature?—the wonder the whole assembly is called rascally, and is expected to bring

'A Catarrhal Sore.'

It discharged and was, of course, very annoying as well as painful. Sometimes it was as large as a half dollar, and it was necessary to keep it bandaged and protected most of the time. About two years ago the sore seemed to be spreading over her face, and was larger than when the Boston physician removed it. There was no question but that its origin was in

The Scrofulous Humor

with which my mother has always been troubled. Two years ago she decided to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a faithful trial, also using, as an outward application, Hood's Olive Ointment. It was soon noticed, to the joy of the family, that the

Hood's Pills easy to take, easy to operate. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

We're happy

about our Spring Overcoat stock, and can make you happy if you'll give us the opportunity.

Two Specials in Spring Overcoats.

A Covert Cloth Top Coat—Box shape—serge lined—satin sleeves—strapped seams—at the low price of

\$12.

A Black Worsted Thibet Overcoat—pure silk lined throughout, to the edge—well tailored, a \$25 coat at

\$19.

Swell Hatters' \$5.00 Hats \$2.85 Regular \$3.50 Shoes at \$2.85

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Broadway, Cor. Houston St.
Mothers will find it of interest to visit our New Children's Department.
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forth parasites to feed on the magnificent city of New York.

William H. Morrell said: "We want one system of government, one method of doing the municipal business. There may be deficiencies in the charter, but for that reason don't send it back to the politicians. Don't give way to the croakers, Mr. Mayor. Sign the bill."

J. W. Moulton called the Mayor's attention to the commercial advantages that would eventuate from the annexation of Staten Island by reason of its water front. The hearing was adjourned early, and the Mayor announced the next session for tomorrow at 2 o'clock.

FAN FOR MRS. M'KINLEY.

The Rare Gift Once the Property of the Wife of a Spanish Hidalgo of High Rank.

Washington, April 3.—Mrs. McKinley will within the next few days be the recipient of a very elegant and valuable present in the shape of a fan of great historical value. This will be given her by Mr. Sylvester Scovel, who selects the wife of the President to whom to make this valuable gift because of the debt of gratitude he feels he owes for the efforts made for his release from prison in Cuba.

The fan is said to be the wife of a Spanish Hidalgo of high rank a century and a half ago. It is of finely carved openwork ivory intermingled with the slender sticks with an elaborate inlaying of gold. Above this the narrow fan part is painted in the most exquisite manner. As a work of art, aside from its great beauty and antiquity, it is of great value and was exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Scovel came into possession of it during his recent trip to Cuba. It has been found necessary to have one of the delicately carved sticks repaired, and as soon as this is completed Mr. Scovel will make a formal call upon Mrs. McKinley and present his offering.

SOUTHERN ROADS AFFECTED.

Smash-Up of the Passenger Association Follows Anti-Trust Law Decision.

Louisville, Ky., April 3.—The agreement which has held the Southern Passenger Association intact has been destroyed as a result of the recent Supreme Court decision. Secretaries Newsome, at Memphis, and Eriek, at New Orleans, were today notified that their services were no longer needed, the barrier to rate cutting being down in those cities.

It affects most of the roads in the South, and particularly all those entering Memphis and New Orleans, or having connections with them.

Carlisle a Screen for Hunter.

Frankfort, Ky., April 3.—By agreement only one vote was cast for each of the senatorial candidates at today's joint session, the other members sitting still and failing to answer to their names. Dr. Hunter is attempting to make the Democrats believe that he is going to withdraw, and the Hunter managers have started a little boom for ex-Secretary Carlisle, in order to screen their plans. They think that if they get Carlisle's name before the voters, there will be a stampede which will result in the election of Hunter.

SPRING HUMORS Yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla---Read of Its Triumph in a Severe Test

No man is more favorably known in and about Epping, N. H., than Mr. Joseph Stokes, the husband of the lady referred to. His word is as good as a U. S. bond, and every statement from him or his family may be most implicitly relied upon. Read this:

"C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—For fully twenty years my mother has been seriously troubled by a sore on her nose. For some time we thought it of a cancerous nature, and it was removed three times. A physician in Boston said the sore was not a cancer, but

'A Catarrhal Sore.'

It discharged and was, of course, very annoying as well as painful. Sometimes it was as large as a half dollar, and it was necessary to keep it bandaged and protected most of the time. About two years ago the sore seemed to be spreading over her face, and was larger than when the Boston physician removed it. There was no question but that its origin was in

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sore was diminished in size and was becoming less troublesome. This encouraged her to continue the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took 11 bottles, and now

Her Face is Well.

The sore has entirely disappeared, leaving not a scar, but only a slight mark, which we think may in time totally disappear. It is such a comfort to her and such a joy to the rest of the family that we feel indebted more than we can express to Hood's Sarsaparilla, that she has been cured after twenty years of suffering."

MISS E. E. STOKES, Epping, N. H.

From Mr. Stokes.

"I am glad to say that the cure of my wife is exactly as stated in my daughter's letter above."

Col. Bennett.

Who writes the following, is a leading contractor and builder, has been on the Governor's staff, and held other official positions of confidence and trust:

"I know the parties referred to in the letters above, and endorse them as thoroughly reliable. I have known about this case for some time, and am glad this testimonial has been sent to C. L. Hood & Co."

J. W. BENNETT, Lowell, Mass.